

"Nay, be not angry, good Henry," said Catharine, in the kindest tone, to her surprised lover, "I have paid my vows to Saint Valentine, to show how I value the mate which he has sent me for the year. Let but my father be present, and I will not dare to refuse thee the revenge you may claim for a broken sleep."

"Let not that be a hindrance," said the old Glover, rushing in ecstasy into the room—"to her, Smith—to her—strike while the iron is hot, and teach her what it is not to let sleeping dogs lie still."

Thus encouraged, Henry, though perhaps with less alarming vivacity, again seized the blushing maiden in his arms, who submitted with tolerable grace to receive repayment of her salute a dozen times repeated, and with an energy very different from that which had provoked such severe retaliation. At length she again extricated herself from her lover's arms, and, as if frightened and repenting what she had done, threw herself into a seat, and covered her face with her hands.

"Cheer up, thou silly girl," said her father, "and be not ashamed that thou hast made the two happiest men in Perth, since thy old father is one of them. Never was kiss so well bestowed, and meet it is that it should be suitably returned. Look up, my darling! look up, and let me see thee give but one smile. By my honest word, the sun that now rises over our fair city shows no sight that can give me greater pleasure. —What," he continued, in a jocose tone, "thou thoughtest thou hadst Jamie Keddie's * ring, and couldst walk invisible? but not so, my fairy of the dawning. Just as I was about to rise, I heard thy chamber door open, and watched thee down-stairs—not to protect thee against this sleepy-headed Henry, but to see with my own delighted eyes, my beloved girl do that which her father most wished.—Come, put down these foolish hands, and though thou blushest a little, it will only the better grace St. Valentine's morn, when blushest best become a maiden's cheek."

As Simon Glover spoke, he pulled away, with gentle violence, the hands which hid his daughter's face. She blushed deeply indeed, but there was more than maiden's shame in her face, and her eyes were fast filling with tears.

"What! weeping, love?" continued her father—"nay, nay, this is more than need—Henry, help me to comfort this little fool."

Catharine made an effort to collect herself and to smile, but the smile was of a melancholy and serious cast.

"I only meant to say, father," said the Fair Maid of Perth, with continued exertion, "that in choosing Henry Gow for my Valentine, and rendering to him the rights and greeting of the morning, according to wonted custom, I meant but to show my gratitude to him for his manly and faith-

* There is a tradition that one Keddie, a tailor, found in ancient days a ring, possessing the properties of that of Gyges, in a cavern of the romantic hill of Kinnoul, near Perth.

ful service, and my obedience to you—But do not lead him to think—and, oh, dearest father, do not yourself entertain an idea, that I meant more than what the promise to be his faithful and affectionate Valentine through the year requires of me."

"Ay—ay—ay—ay—we understand it all," said Simon in the soothing tone which nurses apply to children—"we understand what the meaning is; enough for once; enough for once. Thou shalt not be frightened or hurried.—Loving, true, and faithful Valentines are ye, and the rest as Heaven and opportunity shall permit. Come, prithee, have done—wring not thy tiny hands, nor fear farther persecution now. Thou hast done bravely, excellently.—And now, away to Dorothy, and call up the old sluggard; we must have a substantial breakfast, after a night of confusion and a morning of joy, and thy hand will be needed to prepare for us some of those delicate cakes, which no one can make but thyself; and well hast thou a right to the secret, seeing who taught it thee.—Ah, I health to the soul of thy dearest mother," he added, with a sigh, "how blithe would she have been to see this happy Saint Valentine's morning!"

Catharine took the opportunity of escape which was thus given her, and glided from the room. To Henry it seemed as if the sun had disappeared from the heaven at mid-day, and left the world in sudden obscurity. Even the high-swelled hopes with which the late incident had filled him, began to quail, as he reflected upon her altered demeanor—the tears in her eyes—the obvious fear which occupied her features—and the pains she had taken to show, as plainly as delicacy would permit, that the advances which she had made to him were limited to the character with which the rites of the day had invested him. Her father looked on his fallen countenance with something like surprise and displeasure.

"In the name of good Saint John, what has befallen you, that makes you look as grave as an owl, when a lad of your spirit, having really such a fancy for this poor girl as you pretend, ought to be as lively as a lark?"

"Alas, father!" replied the crestfallen lover, "there is that written on her brow, which says she loves me well enough to be my Valentine, especially since you wish it,—but not well enough to be my wife."

"Now, a plague on thee for a cold, down-hearted goose-cap," answered the father. "I can read a woman's brow as well, and better than thou; and I can see no such matter on hers. What, the foul fiend, man! there thou wast lying like a lord in thy elbow-chair, as sound asleep as a judge, when, hadst thou been a lover of any spirit, thou wouldst have been watching the east for the first ray of the sun. But there thou layest snoring I warrant, thinking nought about her, or any thing else; and the poor girl rises at peep of day, lest any one else should pick up her most precious and vigilant Valentine, and wakes thee with a grace, which—so help me, St. Macgrider!

CHAPTER VI.

Never to man shall Catharine give her hand.

TAMING OF THE SREWF.

The breakfast was served, and the thin soft cakes, made of flour and honey according to the family receipt, were not only commended with all the partiality of a father and a lover, but done liberal justice to in the mode which is best proof of cake as well as pudding. They talked, jested, and laughed. Catharine too, had recovered her equanimity where the dames and damsels of the period were apt to lose theirs—in the kitchen, namely, and in the superintendence of household affairs in which she was an adept. I question much if the perusal of Seneca for as long a period, would have had equal effect in composing her mind.

Old Dorothy sat down at the board-end, as was the homespun fashion of the period; and so much were the two men amused with their own conversation,—and Catharine occupied either in attending to them, or with her own reflections,—that the old woman was the first who observed the absence of the boy Conacher.

"It is true," said the Master Glover; "go call him, the idle Highland loon. He was not seen last night, during the fray neither, at least I saw him not. Did any of you observe him?"

The reply was negative; and Henry's observation followed.—

"There are times when Highlanders can couch like their own deer,—ay, and run from danger too as fast. I have seen them do so myself, for the matter of that."

"—And there are times," replied Simon, "when King Arthur and his Round Table could not make stand against them. I wish, Henry, you would speak more reverently of the Highlanders. They are often in Perth, both alone and in numbers; and you ought to keep peace with them, so long as they will keep peace with you."

An answer of defiance rose to Henry's lips, but he prudently suppressed it.

"Why, thou knowest, father," he said, smiling, "that we handicrafts best love the folk we live by; now my craft provides for valiant and noble knights, gentle squires and pages, stout men-at-arms, and others that wear the weapons which we make. It is natural I should like the Ruthvens, the Lindsays, the Ogilvys, the Olyphants, and so many others of our brave and noble neighbors, who are sheathed in steel of my making, like so many Paladins, better than those naked, snatching mountaineers, who are ever doing us wrong, especially since no five of each clan have a rusty shirt of mail as old as their *brattach*,* and that is but the work of the clumsy clan-smith after all, who is no member of our honorable mystery, but simply works at the anvil, where his father wrought before him. I say, such people can have no favor in the eyes of an honest craftsman."

"Well, well," answered Simon; "I prithee

* Standard.

—would have put life in an anvil; and thou awakest to hone, and pine, and moan, as if she had drawn a hot iron across thy lips! I would to St. John she had sent old Dorothy on the errand, and bound thee for thy Valentine-service to that bundle of dry bones, with never a tooth in her head. She were fittest Valentine in Perth, forso craven a wooer."

"As to craven, father," answered the Smith, "there are twenty good cocks, whose combs I have plucked, can tell thee if I am craven or no. And Heaven knows, that I would give my good land, held by burgess' tenure, with smithy, bellows, tongs, anvil, and all, providing it would make your view of the matter the true one. But it is not of her coyness, or her blushes, that I speak; it is of the paleness which so soon followed the red, and chased it from her cheeks; and it is of the tears which succeeded. It was like the April shower stealing upon, and obscuring the fairest dawning that ever beamed over the Tay."

"Tutti taitti," replied the Glover; "neither Rome nor Perth were built in a day. Thou hast fished salmon a thousand times, and mightest have taken a lesson. When the fish has taken the fly, to pull a hard strain on the line would snap the tackle to pieces, were it made of wire. Ease your hand, man, and let him run; take leisure, and, in half-an-hour, thou layest him on the bank.—There is a beginning, as fair as you could wish, unless you expect the poor wench to come to thy bedside, as she did to thy chair; and that is not the fashion of modest maidens. But observe me; after we have had our breakfast, I will take care thou hast an opportunity to speak thy mind; only beware thou be neither too backward, nor press her too hard. Give her line enough; but do not slack too fast, and my life for yours upon the issue."

"Do what I can, father," answered Henry, "you will always lay the blame on me; either that I give too much head, or that I strain the tackle. I would give the best habergeon I ever wrought, that the difficulty, in truth, rested with me; for there were then the better chance of its being removed. I own, however, I am but an ass in the trick of bringing about such discourse as is to the purpose for the occasion."

"Come into the booth with me, my son, and I will furnish thee with a fitting theme. Thou knowest the maiden who ventures to kiss a sleeping man, wins of him a pair of gloves. Come to my booth; thou shalt have a pair of delicate kid-skin, that will exactly suit her hand and arm.—I was thinking of her poor mother when I shaped them," added honest Simon, with a sigh; "and except Catharine, I know not the woman in Scotland whom they would fit, though I have measured most of the high beauties of the court. Come with me, I say, and thou shalt be provided with a theme to wag thy tongue upon, providing thou hast courage and caution to stand by thee in thy wooing."

let the matter rest even now, for here comes the loitering boy; and though it is a holiday morn, I want no more bloody puddings."

The youth entered accordingly. His face was pale, his eyes red; and there was an air of discomposure about his whole person. He sat down at the lower end of the table, opposite to Dorothy, and crossed himself, as if preparing for his morning meal. As he did not help himself to any food, Catharine offered him a platter containing some of the cakes which had met with such general approbation. At first he rejected her offered kindness rather sullenly; but on her repeating the offer with a smile of good-will, he took a cake in his hand, and broke it, and was about to eat a morsel, when the effort to swallow seemed almost too much for him; and though he succeeded, he did not repeat it.

"You have a bad appetite for Saint Valentine's morning, Conachar," said his good-humored master; "and yet I think you must have slept soundly the night before, since I conclude you were not disturbed by the noise of the scuffle. Why I thought a lively Glune-amie would have been at his master's side, dirk in hand, at the first sound of danger which arose within a mile of us."

"I heard but an indistinct noise," said the youth, his face glowing suddenly like a heated coal, "which I took for the shout of some merry revellers; and you are wont to bid me never open door or window, or alarm the house, on the score of such folly."

"Well, well," said Simon; "I thought a Highlander would have known better the difference betwixt the clash of swords and the twanging on harps, the wild war-cry and the merry hunt's up. But let it pass, boy; I am glad thou art losing thy quarrelsome fashions. Eat thy breakfast, any way, as I have that to employ thee, which requires haste."

"I have breakfasted already, and am in haste myself. I am for the hills.—Have you any message to my father?"

"None," replied the Glover, in some surprise; "but art thou beside thyself, boy? or what a vengeance takes thee from the city, like the wing of the whirlwind?"

"My warning has been sudden," said Conachar, speaking with difficulty; but whether arising from the hesitation incidental to the use of a foreign language, or whether from some other cause, could not easily be distinguished. "There is to be a meeting—a great hunting."—Here he stopped.

"And when are you to return from this blessed hunting?" said his master; "that is, if I may make so bold as to ask."

"I cannot exactly answer," replied the apprentice. "Perhaps never—if such be my father's pleasure," continued Conachar, with assumed indifference.

"I thought," said Simon Glover rather seriously, "that all this was to be laid aside, when

at earnest intercession I took you under my roof. I thought that when I undertook, being very loath to do so, to teach you an honest trade, we were to hear no more of hunting, or hosting, or clanging gatherings, or any matters of the kind?"

"I was not consulted when I was sent hither," said the lad, haughtily. "I cannot tell what the terms were."

"But I can tell you, Sir Conachar," said the Glover, angrily, "that there is no fashion of honesty in binding yourself to an honest craftsman, and spoiling more hides than your own is worth; and now, when you are of age to be of some service, in taking up the disposal of your time at your pleasure, as if it were your own property, not your master's."

"Reckon with my father about that," answered Conachar; "he will pay you gallantly—a French mutton* for every hide I have spoiled, and a fat cow or bullock for each day I have been absent."

"Close with him, friend Glover—close with him," said the armorer dryly. "Thou wilt be paid gallantly, at least, if not honestly. Methinks I would like to know how many purses have been emptied to fill the goat-skin sporran† that is to be so free to you of its gold, and whose pastures the bullocks have been calved in, that are to be sent down to you from the Grampian passes."

"You remind me, friend," said the Highland youth, turning haughtily toward the Smith, "that I have also a reckoning to hold with you."

"Keep at arm's-length, then," said Henry, extending his brawny arm.—"I will have no more close hugs—no more bodkin work, like last night. I care little for a wasp's sting, yet I will not allow the insect to come near me if I have warning."

Conachar smiled contemptuously. "I meant thee no harm," he said. "My father's son did thee but too much honor to spill such churl's blood. I will pay you for it by the drop, that it may be dried up, and no longer soil my fingers."

"Peace, thou bragging ape!" said the Smith; "the blood of a true man cannot be valued in gold. The only expiation would be that thou shouldst come a mile into the Low Country with two of the strongest gallo-glasses of thy clan; and while I dealt with them, I would leave thee to the correction of my apprentice, little Jankin."

Here Catharine interposed. "Peace," she said, "my trusty Valentine, whom I have a right to command; and peace, you Conachar, who ought to obey me as your master's daughter. It is ill done to awaken again on the morrow, the evil which has been laid to sleep at night."

"Farewell, then, master," said Conachar, after another look of scorn at the Smith, which he only answered with a laugh. "Farewell! and

* *Mutton*, a French gold coin, so called from its being impressed with the image of a lamb.

† The Highland pouch, generally formed of goat-skin, and worn in front of the garb, is called in Gaelic a *Sporran*. A *sporran-moullach* is a shaggy pouch; formed as they usually are, of goat-skin, or some such material, with the rough side outward.

I thank you for your kindness, which has been more than I deserved. If I have at times seemed less than thankful, it was the fault of circumstances, and not of my will. Catharine—"He cast upon the maiden a look of strong emotion, in which various feelings were blended. He hesitated, as if to say something, and at length turned away with the single word *farewell*. Five minutes afterwards, with Highland buskins on his feet, and a small bundle in his hand, he passed through the north gate of Perth, and directed his course to the Highlands.

"There goes enough of beggary and of pride for a whole Highland clan," said Henry. "He talks as familiarly of gold pieces as I would of silver pennies; and yet I will be sworn that the thumb of his mother's worsted glove might hold the treasure of the whole clan."

"Like enough," said the Glover, laughing at the idea; "his mother was a large-boned woman, especially in the fingers and wrist."

"And as for cattle," continued Henry, "I reckon his father and brothers steal sheep by one at a time."

"The less we say of them the better," said the Glover, becoming again grave. "Brothers he hath none; his father is a powerful man—hath long hands—reaches as far as he can, and hears farther than it is necessary to talk of him."

"And yet he hath bound his only son apprentice to a glover in Perth?" said Henry. "Why, I should have thought the Gentle Craft, as it is called, of St. Crispin, would have suited him best; and that if the son of some great Mac or O was to become an artisan, it could only be in the craft where princes set him the example."

This remark, though ironical, seemed to awaken our friend Simon's sense of professional dignity, which was a prevailing feeling that marked the manners of the artisans of the time.

"You err, son Henry," he replied, with much gravity; "the glovers are the more honorable craft of the two, in regard they provide for the accommodation of the hands, whereas the shoemakers and cordwainers do but work for the feet."*

* Our local antiquary says, "The Perth artisans of this craft were of great repute, and numbered amongst them, from a very early period, men of considerable substance. There are still extant among their records many charters and grants of money and lands to various religious purposes; in particular, to the upholding of the altar of St. Bartholomew, one of the richest of the many shrines within the parish church of St. John."

† While alluding to these evidences of the rich possessions of the old Glovers of Perth, it ought not to pass unnoticed,—as Henry pinched Simon on the subject of his rival artificers in leather, the cordwainers—that the chaplain of St. Crispin, on the Leoardhall property, were afterwards bought up by the Glovers.

‡ The avocations of this incorporation were not always of a peaceful nature. They still show a banner under which their forefathers fought in the troubles of the seventeenth century. It bears this inscription: "The perfect honour of a craft, or beauty of a trade, is not its wealth but its moral worth, whereby virtue gains renown;" and surmounted by the words, "Grace and Peace," the date 1604.

"Both equally necessary members of the body corporate," said Henry, whose father had been a cordwainer.

"It may be so, my son," said the Glover; "but not both alike honorable. Bethink you, that we employ the hands as pledges of friendship and good faith, and the feet have no such privilege. Brave men fight with their hands—cowards employ their feet in flight. A glove is borne aloft, a shoe is trampled in the mire; a man greets a friend with his open hand; he spurns a dog, or one whom he holds as mean as a dog, with his advanced foot. A glove on the point of a spear is a sign and pledge of faith all the wide world over, as a gauntlet flung down is a gage of knightly battle; while I know no other emblem belonging to an old shoe, except that some crones will fling them after a man by way of good luck, in which practice I avow myself to entertain no confidence."

"Nay," said the Smith, amused with his friend's eloquent pleading for the dignity of the art he practised, "I am not the man, I promise you, to disparage the glover's mystery. Bethink you, I am myself a maker of gauntlets. But the dignity of your ancient craft removes not my wonder, that the father of this Conachar suffered his son to learn a trade of any kind from a Lowland craftsman, holding us, as they do, altogether beneath their magnificent degree, and a race of contemptible drudges unworthy of any other fate than to be ill-used and plundered as often as these bare-breeched Dunnielassals see safety and convenience for doing so."

"Ay," answered the Glover; "but there were powerful reasons for—for—" He withheld something which seemed upon his lips, and went on, "for Conachar's father acting as he did.—Well, I have played fair with him, and I do not doubt but he will act honorably by me.—But Conachar's sudden leave-taking has put me to some inconvenience. He had things under his charge. I must look through the booth."

"Can I help you, father?" said Henry Gow, deceived by the earnestness of his manner.

"You?—no,"—said Simon, with a dryness which made Henry so sensible of the simplicity of his proposal, that he blushed to the eyes at his own dulness of comprehension, in a matter where love ought to have induced him to take his cue easily up. "You, Catharine," said the Glover, as he left the room, "entertain your Valentine for five minutes, and see he departs not till my return.—Come hither with me, old Dorothy, and bestir thy limbs in my behalf."

He left the room, followed by the old woman; and Henry Smith remained with Catharine.

§ The only other relic in the archives of this body which calls for notice in this place, is a leathern lash, called, 'The whip of St. Bartholomew,' which the craft are often admonished in the records to apply to the back of refractory apprentices. It cannot have existed in the days of our friend the Glover, otherwise its frequent application to the shoulders of Conachar would have been matter of record in the history of that family."

rine, almost for the first time in his life, entirely alone. There was embarrassment on the maiden's part, and awkwardness on that of the lover, for about a minute; when Henry, calling up his courage, pulled the gloves out of his pocket with which Simon had supplied him, and asked her to permit one who had been so highly graced that morning to pay the usual penalty for being asleep at the moment when he would have given the slumbers of a whole twelvemonth to be awake for a single minute.

"Nay, but," said Catharine, "the fulfilment of my homage to St. Valentine infers no such penalty as you desire to pay, and I cannot therefore think of accepting them."

"These gloves," said Henry, advancing his seat insidiously towards Catharine as he spoke, "were wrought by the hands that are dearest to you; and see—they are shaped for your own." He extended them as he spoke, and taking her arm in his robust hand, spread the gloves beside it to show how well they fitted. "Look at that taper arm," he said, "look at these small fingers; think who sewed these seams of silk and gold, and think whether the glove, and the arm which alone the glove can fit, ought to remain separate, because the poor glove has had the misfortune to be for a passing minute in the keeping of a hand so swart and rough as mine."

"They are welcome as coming from my father," said Catharine; "and surely not less so as coming from my friend" (and there was an emphasis on the word), "as well as my Valentine and preserver."

"Let me aid to do them on," said the Smith, bringing himself yet closer to her side; "they may seem a little over-tight at first, and you may require some assistance."

"You are skilful in such service, good Henry Cow," said the maiden, smiling, but at the same time drawing farther from her lover.

"In good faith, no," said Henry, shaking his head; "my experience has been in donning steel gauntlets on mailed knights, more than in fitting embroidered gloves upon maidens."

"I will trouble you then no farther, and Dorothy shall aid me—though there needs no assistance—my father's eye and fingers are faithful to his craft; what work he puts through his hands is always true to the measure."

"Let me be convinced of it," said the Smith; "let me see that these slender gloves actually match the hands they were made for."

"Some other time, good Henry," answered the maiden; "I will wear the gloves in honor of St. Valentine, and the mate he has sent me for the season. I would to heaven I could pleasure my father as well in weightier matters—at present the perfume of the leather harms the headache I have had since morning."

"Headache! dearest maiden?" echoed her lover.

"If you call it heartache, you will not misname

it," said Catharine, with a sigh, and proceeded to speak in a very serious tone. "Henry," she said, "I am going perhaps to be as bold as I gave you reason to think me this morning; for I am about to speak the first upon a subject, on which, it may well be, I ought to wait till I had to answer you. But I cannot, after what has happened this morning, suffer my feelings towards you to remain unexplained, without the possibility of my being greatly misconceived.—Nay, do not answer till you have heard me out.—You are brave, Henry, beyond most men, honest and true as the steel you work upon—"

"Stop—stop, Catharine, for mercy's sake! You never said so much that was good concerning me, save to introduce some bitter censure of which your praises were the harbingers. I am honest, and so forth, you would say, but a hot-brained brawler, and common sworder or stabber."

"I should injure both myself and you in calling you such. No, Henry, to no common stabber, had he worn a plume in his bonnet, and gold spurs on his heels, would Catharine Glover have offered the little grace she has this day voluntarily done to you. If I have at times dwelt severely upon the proneness of your spirit to anger, and of your hand to strife, it is because I would have you, if I could so persuade you, hate in yourself the sins of vanity and wrath, by which you are most easily beset. I have spoken on the topic more to alarm your own conscience, than to express my opinion. I know as well as my father, that in these forlorn and desperate days, the whole customs of our nation, nay, of every Christian nation, may be quoted in favor of bloody quarrels for trifling causes; of the taking deadly and deep revenge for slight offences; and the slaughter of each other for emulation of honor, or often in mere sport. But I know, that for all these things we shall one day be called into judgment; and fain would I convince thee, my brave and generous friend, to listen oftener to the dictates of thy good heart, and take less pride in the strength and dexterity of thy unsparing arm."

"I am—I am convinced, Catharine," exclaimed Henry; "thy words shall henceforward be a law to me. I have done enough, far too much, indeed, for proof of my bodily strength and courage; but it is only from you, Catharine, that I can learn a better way of thinking. Remember, my fair Valentine, that my ambition of distinction in arms, and my love of strife, if it can be called such, do not fight even-handed with my reason and my milder dispositions, but have their patrons and sticklers to egg them on. Is there a quarrel,—and suppose that I, thinking on your counsels, am something loath to engage in it,—believe you I am left to decide between peace or war at my own choosing? Not so, by St. Mary! there are a hundred round me to stir me on. 'Why, how now, Smith, is thy mainspring rusted?' says one. 'Jolly Henry is deaf on the quarrelling ear this morning,' says another. 'Stand

to it, for the honor of Perth,' says my Lord the Provost. 'Harry against them for a gold noble,' cries your father, perhaps. Now, what can a poor fellow do, Catharine, when all are hallooing him on in the devil's name, and not a soul putting in a word on the other side?"

"Nay, I know the devil has factors enough to utter his wares," said Catharine; "but it is our duty to despise such idle arguments, though they may be pleaded even by those to whom we owe much love and honor."

"Then there are the minstrels, with their romances and ballads, which place all a man's praise in receiving and repaying hard blows. It is sad to tell, Catharine, how many of my sins that Blind Harry the Minstrel hath to answer for. When I hit a downright blow, it is not (so save me, St. John!) to do any man injury, but only to strike as William Wallace struck."

The Minstrel's namesake spoke this in such a tone of useful seriousness, that Catharine could scarce forbear smiling; but nevertheless she assured him that the danger of his own and other men's lives ought not for a moment to be weighed against such simple toys.

"Ay, but," replied Henry, emboldened by her smiles, "methinks now the good cause of peace would thrive all the better for an advocate. Suppose for example, that when I am pressed and urged to lay hand on my weapon, I could have cause to recollect that there was a gentle and guardian angel at home, whose image would seem to whisper, 'Henry, do no violence; it is my hand which you crimson with blood—Henry, rush upon no idle danger; it is my breast which you expose to injury;' such thoughts would do more to restrain my mood, than if every monk in Perth should cry, 'Hold thy hand, on pain of bell, book, and candle.'"

"If such a warning as could be given by the voice of sisterly affection can have weight in the debate," said Catharine, "do think, that in striking, you empurple this hand; that in receiving wounds, you harm this heart."

The Smith took courage at the sincerely affectionate tone in which these words were delivered.

"And wherefore not stretch your regard a degree beyond these cold limits? Why, since you are so kind and generous as to own some interest in the poor ignorant sinner before you, should you not at once adopt him as your scholar and your husband? Your father desires it; the town expects it; glovers and smiths are preparing their rejoicings; and you, only you, whose words are so fair and so kind, you will not give your consent!"

"Henry!" said Catharine, in a low and tremulous voice, "believe me, I should hold it my duty to comply with my father's commands, were there not obstacles invincible to the match which he proposes."

"Yet think—think but for a moment. I have little to say for myself in comparison of you, who can both read and write. But then I wish to hear reading, and could listen to your sweet

voice for ever. You love music, and I have been taught to play and sing as well as some minstrels. You love to be charitable; I have enough to give and enough to keep; as large a daily alms as a deacon gives would never be missed by me. Your father gets old for daily toil; he would live with us, as I should truly hold him for my father also. I would be as chary of mixing in causeless strife, as of thrusting my hand into my own furnace; and if there came on us unlawful violence, its wares would be brought to an ill-chosen market."

"May you experience all the domestic happiness which you can conceive, Henry,—but with some one more happy than I am!"

So spoke, or rather so sobbed, the Fair Maiden of Perth, who seemed choking in the attempt to restrain her tears.

"You hate me, then?" said the lover, after a pause.

"Heaven is my witness, No!"

"Or you love some other better?"

"It is cruel to ask what it cannot avail you to know. But you are entirely mistaken."

"You wild-cat, Conachar, perhaps?" said Henry. "I have marked his looks—"

"You avail yourself of this painful situation to insult me, Henry, though I have little deserved it. Conachar is nothing to me, more than the trying to tame his wild spirit by instruction might lead me to take some interest in a mind abandoned to prejudices and passions; and therein, Henry, not unlike your own."

"It must then be some of these flaunting silk-worm Sirs about the court," said the armorer, his natural heat of temper kindling from disappointment and vexation; "some of those who think they carry it off through the height of their plumed bonnets and the jingle of their spurs. I would I knew which it was, that, leaving his natural mates, the painted and perfumed dames of the court, comes to take his prey among the simple maidens of the burgher craft. I would I knew but his name and surname!"

"Henry Smith," said Catharine, shaking off the weakness which seemed to threaten to overpower her a moment before, "this is the language of an ungrateful fool, or rather of a frantic madman. I have told you already, there was no one who stood, at the beginning of this conference, more high in my opinion than he who is now losing ground with every word he utters, in the tone of unjust suspicion and senseless anger. You had no title to know even what I have told you, which, I pray you to observe, implies no preference to you over others, though it disowns any preference of another to you. It is enough you should be aware that there is an insuperable objection to what you desire, as if an enchanter had a spell over my destiny."

"Spells may be broken by true men," said the Smith. "I would it were come to that. Thorbiorn, the Danish armorer, spoke of a spell he had for making breastplates, by singing a certain

song while the iron was heating. I told him that his runic rhymes were no proof against the weapons which fought at Loncarty—what farther came of it is needless to tell;—but the corselet and the wearer, and the leech who saved his wound, know if Henry Gow can break a spell or no."

Catharine looked at him as if about to return an answer little approving of the exploit he had vaunted, which the downright Smith had not recollected was of a kind that exposed him to her frequent censure. But ere she had given words to her thoughts, her father thrust his head in at the door.

"Henry," he said, "I must interrupt your more pleasing affairs, and request you to come into my working-room in all speed, to consult about certain matters deeply affecting the weal of the burgh."

Henry, making his obeisance to Catharine, left the apartment upon her father's summons. Indeed it was probably in favor of their future friendly intercourse that they were parted on this occasion, at the turn which the conversation seemed likely to take. For as the wooer had begun to hold the refusal of the damsel as somewhat capricious and inexplicable after the degree of encouragement which, in his opinion, she had afforded; Catharine, on the other hand, considered him rather as an encroacher upon the grace which she had shown him, than one whose delicacy rendered him deserving of such favor.

But there was living in their bosoms towards each other a reciprocal kindness, which on the termination of the dispute was sure to revive, inducing the maiden to forget her offended delicacy, and the lover his slighted warmth of passion.

CHAPTER VII.

This quarrel may draw blood another day.

HENRY IV. Part I.

THE conclave of citizens appointed to meet for investigating the affray of the preceding evening, had now assembled. The work-room of Simon Glover was filled to crowding by personages of no little consequence, some of whom wore black velvet cloaks, and gold chains around their necks. They were, indeed, the fathers of the city; and there were bailies and deacons in the honored number. There was an ireful and offended air of importance upon every brow, as they conversed together, rather in whisper, than aloud or in detail. Busiest among the busy, the little important assistant of the previous night, Oliver Proudfoot by name, and bonnet-maker by profession, was bustling among the crowd; much after the manner of the sea-gull, which flutters, screams, and sputters most at the commencement of a gale of wind, though one can hardly conceive what the bird has better to do than to fly to its nest, and remain quiet till the gale is over.

Be that as it may, Master Proudfoot was in the midst of the crowd, his fingers upon every one's button, and his mouth in every man's ear, embracing such as were near to his own stature, that he might more closely and mysteriously utter his sentiments; and standing on tiptoe, and supporting himself by the cloak-collars of tall men, that he might dole out to them also the same share of information. He felt himself one of the heroes of the affair, being conscious of the dignity of superior information on the subject as an eye-witness, and much disposed to push his connexion with the scuffle a few points beyond the modesty of truth. It cannot be said that his communications were in especial curious and important, consisting chiefly of such assertions as these:—

"It is all true, by St. John. I was there and saw it myself—was the first to run to the fray; and if it had not been for me and another stout fellow, who came in about the same time, they had broken into Simon Glover's house, cut his throat, and carried his daughter off to the mountains. It is too evil usage—not to be suffered, neighbor Crookshank—not to be endured, neighbor Glass—not to be borne, neighbors Balneaves, Rollock, and Chrysteson. It was a mercy that I and that stout fellow came in—Was it not, neighbor and worthy Bailie Craigdallie?"

These speeches were dispersed by the busy bonnet-maker into sundry ears. Bailie Craigdallie, a portly guild-brother, the same who had advised the prorogation of their civic council to the present place and hour, a big, burly, good-looking man, shook the deacon from his cloak with pretty much the grace with which a large horse shrugs off the importunate fly that has beset him for ten minutes, and exclaimed, "Silence, good citizens; here comes Simon Glover, in whom no man ever saw falsehood. We will hear the outrage from his own mouth."

Simon being called upon to tell his tale, did so with obvious embarrassment, which he imputed to a reluctance that the burgh should be put in deadly feud with any one upon his account. It was, he dared to say, a masking or revel on the part of the young gallants about court; and the worst that might come of it would be, that he would put iron stanchions on his daughter's window, in case of such another frolic."

"Why, then, if this was a mere masking or mummery, said Craigdallie, "our townsman, Harry of the Wynd, did far wrong to cut off a gentleman's hand for such a harmless pleasantry, and the town may be brought to a heavy fine for it unless we secure the person of the mutilator."

"Our Lady forbid!" said the Glover. "Did you know what I do, you would be as much afraid of handling this matter, as if it were glowing iron. But since you will needs put your fingers in the fire, truth must be spoken. And come what will, I must say, that the matter might have ended ill for me and mine but for

the opportune assistance of Henry Gow, the armorer, well known to you all."

"And mine also was not wanting," said Oliver Proudfoot, "though I do not profess to be utterly so good a swordsman as our neighbor, Henry Gow.—You saw me, neighbor Glover, at the beginning of the fray?"

"I saw you after the end of it, neighbor," answered the Glover, dryly.

"True, true; I had forgot you were in your nouse while the blows were going, and could not survey who were dealing them."

"Peace, neighbor Proudfoot; I prithee, peace," said Craigdallie, who was obviously tired of the tuneless screeching of the worthy deacon.

"There is something mysterious here," said the Bailie; "but I think I spy the secret. Our friend Simon is, as you all know, a peaceful man, and one that will rather sit down with wrong, than put a friend, or say a neighborhood, in danger to seek his redress. Thou, Henry, who art never wanting where the burgh needs a defender, tell us what *thou* knowest of this matter."

Our Smith told his story to the same purpose which we have already related; and the meddling maker of bonnets added as before. "And thou sawest me there, honest Smith, didst thou not?"

"Not I, in good faith, neighbor," answered Henry; "but you are a little man, you know, and I might overlook you."

This reply produced a laugh at Oliver's expense, who laughed for company, but added, doggedly, "I was one of the foremost to the rescue for all that."

"Why, where wert thou, then, neighbor?" said the Smith; "for I saw you not, and I would have given the worth of the best suit of armor I ever wrought to have seen as stout a fellow as thou at my elbow."

"I was no farther off, however, honest Smith; and whilst thou wert laying on blows as if on an anvil, I was parrying those that the rest of the villains aimed at thee behind thy back; and that is the cause thou sawest me not."

"I have heard of Smiths of old time who had but one eye," said Henry. "I have two, but they are both set in my forehead, and so I could not see behind my back, neighbor."

"The truth is, however," persevered Master Oliver, "there I was, and I will give Master Bailie my account of the matter; for the Smith and I were first up to the fray."

"Enough at present," said the Bailie, waving to Master Proudfoot an injunction of silence. "The precognition of Simon Glover and Henry Gow would bear out a matter less worthy of belief.—And now, my masters, your opinion what should be done. Here are all our burgher rights broken through and insulted, and you may well fancy that it is by some man of power, since no less dared have attempted such an outrage. My masters, it is hard on flesh and blood to submit to this. The laws have framed us of lower rank

than the princes and nobles, yet it is against reason to suppose that we will suffer our houses to be broken into, and the honor of our women insulted, without some redress."

"It is not to be endured!" answered the citizens, unanimously.

Here Simon Glover interfered with a very anxious and ominous countenance. "I hope still that all was not meant so ill as it seemed to us, my worthy neighbors; and I for one would cheerfully forgive the alarm and disturbance to my poor house, providing the fair city were not brought into jeopardy for me. I beseech you to consider who are to be our judges that are to hear the case, and give or refuse redress. I speak among neighbors and friends, and therefore I speak openly. The King, God bless him! is so broken in mind and body, that he will but turn us over to some great man amongst his counsellors, who shall be in favor for the time—Perchan—he will refer us to his brother the Duke of Albany, who will make our petition for righting of our wrongs the pretence for squeezing money out of us."

"We will none of Albany for our judge!" answered the meeting, with the same unanimity as before.

"Or perhaps," added Simon, "he will bid the Duke of Rothsay take charge of it; and the wild young prince will regard the outrage as something for his gay companions to scoff at, and his minstrels to turn into song."

"Away with Rothsay! he is too gay to be our judge," again exclaimed the citizens.

Simon, emboldened by seeing he was reaching the point he aimed at, yet pronouncing the dreaded name with a half whisper, next added, "Would you like the Black Douglas better to deal with?"

There was no answer for a minute. They looked on each other with fallen countenances and blanched lips. But Henry Smith spoke out boldly, and in a decided voice, the sentiments which all felt, but none else dared give words to—

"The Black Douglas to judge betwixt a burgher and a gentleman, nay, a nobleman, for all I know or care?—The black devil of hell sooner! You are mad, father Simon, so much as to name so wild a proposal."

There was again a silence of fear and uncertainty, which was at length broken by Bailie Craigdallie, who, looking very significantly to the speaker, replied, "You are confident in a stout doublet, neighbor Smith, or you would not talk so boldly."

"I am confident of a good heart under my doublet, such as it is, Bailie," answered the undaunted Henry; "and though I speak but little, my mouth shall never be padlocked by any noble of them all."

"Wear a thick doublet, good Henry, or do not speak so loud," reiterated the Bailie, in the same significant tone. There are Border men in the

town who wear the Bloody Heart* on their shoulder.—But all this is no rede. What shall we do?”

“Short rede, good rede,” said the Smith. “Let us to our Provost, and demand his countenance and assistance.”

A murmur of applause went through the party, and Oliver Proudfoot exclaimed, “That is what I have been saying for this half hour, and not one of ye would listen to me. Let us go to our Provost, said I. He is a gentleman, himself, and ought to come between the burgh and the nobles in all matters.”

“Hush, neighbors, hush; be wary what you say or do,” said a thin meagre figure of a man, whose diminutive person seemed still more reduced in size, and more assimilated to a shadow, by his efforts to assume an extreme degree of humility, and make himself, to suit his argument, look meaner yet, and yet more insignificant than nature had made him.

“Pardon me,” said he, “I am but a poor Pottingar. Nevertheless, I have been bred in Paris, and learned my humanities and my *cursus medendi* as well as some that call themselves learned leeches. Methinks I can tent this wound, and treat it with emollients. Here is our friend Simon Glover, who is, as you all know, a man of worship. Think you he would not be the most willing of us to pursue harsh courses here, since his family honor is so nearly concerned? And since he blenches away from the charge against these same revellers, consider if he may not have some good reason more than he cares to utter for letting the matter sleep. It is not for me to put my finger on the sore; but, alack! we all know that young maidens are what I call fugitive essences. Suppose now, an honest maiden—I mean in all innocence—leaves her window unlatched on St. Valentine’s morn, that some gallant cavalier may—in all honesty, I mean—become her Valentine for the season; and suppose the gallant be discovered, may she not scream out as if the visit were unexpected, and—and—bray all this in a mortar, and then consider, will it be a matter to place the town in feud for?”

The Pottingar delivered his opinion in a most insinuating manner; but he seemed to shrink into something less than his natural tenuity when he saw the blood rise in the old cheeks of Simon Glover, and inflame to the temples the complexion of the redoubted Smith. The last, stepping forward, and turning a stern look on the alarmed Pottingar, broke out as follows:—“Thou walking skeleton! thou asthmatic gallipot! thou poisoner by profession! if I thought that the puff of vile breath thou hast left could blight for the tenth part of a minute the fair fame of Catharine Glover, I would pound thee, quack-salver! in thine own mortar, and beat up thy wretched carrion with flower of brimstone, the only real medicine in thy booth, to make a salve to rub many hounds with!”

* The well-known cognizance of the House of Douglas.

“Hold, son Henry, hold!” cried the Glover, in a tone of authority.—“no man has title to speak of this matter but me.—Worshipful Bailie Craigdallie, since such is the construction that is put upon my patience, I am willing to pursue this riot to the uttermost; and though the issue may prove that we had better have been patient, you will all see that my Catharine hath not by any lightness or folly of hers afforded grounds for this great scandal.”

The Bailie also interposed. “Neighbor Henry,” said he, “we came here to consult, and not to quarrel. As one of the fathers of the fair city, I command thee to forego all evil will and mal-talent you may have against Master Pottingar Dwining.”

“He is too poor a creature, Bailie,” said Henry Gow, “for me to harbor feud with—I that could destroy him and his booth with one blow of my fore-hammer.”

“Peace, then, and hear me,” said the official. “We all are as much believers in the honor of the Fair Maiden of Perth, as in that of our Blessed Lady.” Here he crossed himself devoutly. “But touching our appeal to our Provost, are you agreed, neighbors, to put matter like this into our Provost’s hand, being against a powerful noble, as is to be feared?”

“The Provost himself being a nobleman—” squeaked the Pottingar, in some measure released from his terror by the intervention of the Bailie. “God knows, I speak not to the disparagement of an honorable gentleman, whose forbears have held the office he now holds for many years—”

“By free choice of the citizens of Perth,” said the Smith, interrupting the speaker with the tones of his deep and decisive voice.

“Ay, surely,” said the disconcerted orator, “by the voice of the citizens. How else?—I pray you, friend Smith, interrupt me not. I speak to our worthy and eldest Bailie, Craigdallie, according to my poor mind. I say that, come amongst us how he will, still this Sir Patrick Charteris is a nobleman, and hawks will not pick hawks’ eyes out. He may well bear us out in a feud with the Highlandmen, and do the part of our Provost and leader against them; but whether he that himself wears silk will take our part against brodered cloak and cloth of gold, though he may do so against Tartan and Irish frieze, is something to be questioned. Take a fool’s advice. We have saved our Maiden, of whom I never meant to speak harm, as truly I knew none. They have lost one man’s hand, at least, thanks to Harry Smith—”

“And to me,” added the little important bonnet-maker.

“And to Oliver Proudfoot, as he tells us,” continued the Pottingar, who contested no man’s claim to glory, provided he was not himself compelled to tread the perilous paths which lead to it. “I say, neighbors, since they have left a hand as a pledge they will never come in Couvrefeu Street again, why, in my simple mind, we were best to

thank our stout townsman, and the town having the honor, and these rakehells the loss, that we should hush the matter up, and say no more about it.”

These pacific counsels had their effect with some of the citizens, who began to nod and look exceedingly wise upon the advocate of acquiescence, with whom, notwithstanding the offence so lately given, Simon Glover seemed also to agree in opinion. But not so Henry Smith, who, seeing the consultation at a stand, took up the speech in his usual downright manner.

“I am neither the oldest nor the richest among you, neighbors, and I am not sorry for it. Years will come, if one lives to see them; and I can win and spend my penny like another, by the blaze of the furnace and the wind of the bellows. But no man ever saw me sit down with wrong done in word or deed to our fair town, if man’s tongue and man’s hand could right it. Neither will I sit down with this outrage, if I can help it. I will go to the Provost myself, if no one will go with me; he is a knight, it is true, and a gentleman of free and true-born blood, as we all know, since Wallace’s time, who settled his great-grand-sire amongst us. But if he were the proudest nobleman in the land, he is the Provost of Perth, and for his own honor must see the freedoms and immunities of the burgh preserved—ay, and I know he will—I have made a steel doublet for him, and have a good guess at the kind of heart that it was meant to cover.”

“Surely,” said Bailie Craigdallie, “it would be to no purpose to stir at court without Sir Patrick Charteris’s countenance; the ready answer would be, Go to your Provost, you borrel loons. So, neighbors and townsmen, if you will stand by my side, I and our Pottingar Dwining will repair presently to Kinfauns, with Sim Glover, the jolly Smith, and gallant Oliver Proudfoot, for witnesses to the onslaught, and speak with Sir Patrick Charteris, in name of the fair town.”

“Nay,” said the peaceful man of medicine, “leave me behind, I pray you; I lack audacity to speak before a belted knight.”

“Never regard that, neighbor, you must go,” said Bailie Craigdallie. “The town hold me a hot-headed carle for a man of threescore—Sim Glover is the offended party—we all know that Harry Gow spoils more harness with his sword than he makes with his hammer—and our neighbor Proudfoot, who, take his own word, is at the beginning and end of every fray in Perth, is of course a man of action. We must have at least one advocate amongst us for peace and quietness; and thou, Pottingar, must be the man. Away with you, sirs, get your boots and your beasts—horse and hattock,* I say—and let us meet at the East Port; that is, if it is your pleasure, neighbors, to trust us with the matter.”

* Horse and hattock, the well-known cry of the fairies at mounting for a moonlight expedition, came to be familiarly adopted on any occasion of mounting.

“There can be no better rede, and we will all avouch it,” said the citizens. “If the Provost take our part, as the fair town hath a right to expect, we may bell-the-cat with the best of them.”

“It is well, then, neighbors,” answered the Bailie; “so said, so shall be done. Meanwhile, I have called the whole town-council together about this hour, and I have little doubt,” looking around the company, “that as so many of them who are in this place have resolved to consult with our Provost, the rest will be compliant to the same resolution. And therefore, neighbors and good burghers of the fair city of Perth—horse and hattock, as I said before, and meet me at the East Port.”

A general acclamation concluded the sitting of this species of privy council, or Lords of the Articles; and they dispersed, the deputation to prepare for the journey, and the rest to tell their impatient wives and daughters of the measures they had taken to render their chambers safe in future, against the intrusion of gallants at unseasonable hours.

While nags are saddling, and the town-council debating, or rather putting in form what the leading members of their body had already adopted, it may be necessary, for the information of some readers, to state in distinct terms what is more circuitously intimated in the course of the former discussion.

It was the custom at this period, when the strength of the feudal aristocracy controlled the rights, and frequently insulted the privileges of the royal burghs of Scotland, that the latter, where it was practicable, often chose their Provost, or Chief Magistrate, not out of the order of the merchants, shopkeepers, and citizens, who inhabited the town itself, and filled up the roll of the ordinary magistracy, but elected to that pre-eminent state some powerful nobleman or baron in the neighborhood of the burgh, who was expected to stand their friend at court in such matters as concerned their common weal, and to lead their civil militia to fight, whether in general battle or in private feud, reinforcing them with his own feudal retainers. This protection was not always gratuitous. The provosts sometimes availed themselves of their situation to an unjustifiable degree, and obtained grants of lands and tenements belonging to the common good, or public property of the burgh, and thus made the citizens pay dear for the countenance which they afforded. Others were satisfied to receive the powerful aid of the townsmen in their own feudal quarrels, with such other marks of respect and benevolence as the burgh over which they presided were willing to gratify them with, in order to secure their active services in case of necessity. The Baron, who was the regular protector of a royal burgh, accepted such free-will offerings without scruple, and repaid them by defending the rights of the town, by arguments in the council, and by bold deeds in the field.

The citizens of the town, or, as they loved better to call it, the Fair City of Perth, had for several generations found a protector and Provost of this kind in the knightly family of Charteris, Lords of Kinfauns, in the neighborhood of the burgh. It was scarce a century (in the time of Robert III.) since the first of this distinguished family had settled in the strong castle which now belonged to them, with the picturesque and fertile scenes adjoining to it. But the history of the first settler, chivalrous and romantic in itself, was calculated to facilitate the settlement of an alien in the land in which his lot was cast. We relate it as it is given by an ancient and uniform tradition, which carries in it great indications of truth, and is warrant enough, perhaps, for its insertion in graver histories than the present.

During the brief career of the celebrated patriot Sir William Wallace, and when his arms had for a time expelled the English invaders from his native country, he is said to have undertaken a voyage to France, with a small band of trusty friends, to try what his presence (for he was respected through all countries for his prowess) might do to induce the French monarch to send to Scotland a body of auxiliary forces, or other assistance, to aid the Scots in regaining their independence.

The Scottish champion was on board a small vessel, and steering for the port of Dieppe, when a sail appeared in the distance, which the mariners regarded, first with doubt and apprehension, and at last with confusion and dismay. Wallace demanded to know what was the cause of their alarm. The captain of the ship informed him, that the tall vessel which was bearing down, with the purpose of boarding that which he commanded, was the ship of a celebrated rover, equally famed for his courage, strength of body, and successful piracies. It was commanded by a gentleman named Thomas de Longueville, a Frenchman by birth, but by practice one of those pirates who called themselves friends to the sea, and enemies to all who sailed upon that element. He attacked and plundered vessels of all nations, like one of the ancient Norse Sea-kings, as they were termed, whose dominion was upon the mountain waves. The master added, that no vessel could escape the rover by flight, so speedy was the bark he commanded; and that no crew, however hardy, could hope to resist him, when, as was his usual mode of combat, he threw himself on board at the head of his followers.

Wallace smiled sternly, while the master of the ship, with alarm in his countenance, and tears in his eyes, described to him the certainty of their being captured by the Red Rover, a name given to De Longueville, because he usually displayed the blood-red flag, which he had now hoisted.

"I will clear the narrow seas of this rover," said Wallace.

Then calling together some ten or twelve of

his own followers, Boyd, Kerlie, Seton and others, to whom the dust of the most desperate battle was like the breath of life, he commanded them to arm themselves, and lie flat upon the deck, so as to be out of sight. He ordered the mariners below, excepting such as were absolutely necessary to manage the vessel; and he gave the master instructions, upon pain of death, so to steer, as that while the vessel had the appearance of attempting to fly, he should in fact permit the Red Rover to come up with them and do his worst. Wallace himself then lay down on the deck, that nothing might be seen which could intimate any purpose of resistance. In a quarter of an hour De Longueville's vessel ran on board that of the Champion, and the Red Rover, casting out grappling irons to make sure of his prize, jumped on the deck in complete armor, followed by his men, who gave a terrible shout, as if victory had been already secured. But the armed Scots started up at once, and the Rover found himself unexpectedly engaged with men accustomed to consider victory as secure, when they were only opposed as one to two or three. Wallace himself rushed on the pirate captain, and a dreadful strife began betwixt them with such fury, that the others suspended their own battle to look on, and seemed by common consent to refer the issue of the strife to the fate of the combat between the two chiefs. The pirate fought as well as man could do; but Wallace's strength was beyond that of ordinary mortals. He dashed the sword from the Rover's hand, and placed him in such peril, that, to avoid being cut down, he was fain to close with the Scottish Champion, in hopes of overpowering him in the grapple. In this also he was foiled. They fell on the deck, locked in each other's arms, but the Frenchman fell undermost, and Wallace fixing his grasp upon his gorget, compressed it so closely, notwithstanding it was made of the finest steel, that the blood gushed from his eyes, nose, and mouth, and he was only able to ask for quarter by signs. His men threw down their weapons and begged for mercy, when they saw their leader thus severely handled. The victor granted them all their lives, but took possession of their vessel, and detained them prisoners.

When he came in sight of the French harbor, Wallace alarmed the place by displaying the Rover's colors, as if De Longueville was coming to pillage the town. The bells were rung backward; horns were blown, and the citizens were hurrying to arms, when the scene changed. The Scottish Lion on his shield of gold was raised above the piratical flag, and announced that the Champion of Scotland was approaching, like a falcon with his prey in his clutch. He landed with his prisoner, and carried him to the court of France, where, at Wallace's request, the robberies which the pirate had committed were forgiven, and the King even conferred the honor of knighthood on Sir Thomas de Longueville, and offered to take him into his service. But the Rover had

CHAPTER VIII.

Within the bounds of Annandale,
The gentle Johnstones ride;
They have been there a thousand years,
A thousand more they'll bide.

OLD BALLAD.

THE character and quality of Sir Patrick Charteris, the Provost of Perth, being such as we have sketched in the last chapter, let us now return to the deputation which was in the act of rendezvousing at the East Port,* in order to wait upon that dignitary with their complaints, at Kinfauns.

And first appeared Simon Glover, on a pacing palfrey, which had sometimes enjoyed the honor of bearing the fairer person as well as the lighter weight of his beautiful daughter. His cloak was muffled round the lower part of his face, as a sign to his friends not to interrupt him by any questions while he passed through the streets, and partly, perhaps, on account of the coldness of the weather. The deepest anxiety was seated on his brow, as if the more he meditated on the matter he was engaged in, the more difficult and perilous it appeared. He only greeted by silent gestures his friends as they came to the rendezvous.

A strong black horse, of the old Galloway breed, of an under size, and not exceeding fourteen hands, but high-shouldered, strong-limbed, well-coupled, and round-barrelled, bore to the East Port the gallant Smith. A judge of the animal might see in his eye a spark of that vicious temper which is frequently the accompaniment of the form that is most vigorous and enduring; but the weight, the hand, and the seat of the rider,

* The following is extracted from a kind communication of the well-known antiquary, Mr. Morison of Perth:—

"The port at which the deputation for Kinfauns must have met, was a strongly fortified gate at the east end of the High Street, opening to the Bridge. On the north side of the street adjoining the gate, stood the Chapel of the Virgin, from which the monks had access to the river by a flight of steps, still called 'Our Lady's Stairs.' Some remains of this chapel are yet extant, and one of the towers is in a style of architecture which most antiquaries consider peculiar to the age of Robert III. Immediately opposite, on the south side of the street, a staircase is still to be seen, evidently of great antiquity, which is said to have formed part of 'Gowrie's Palace.' But as Gowrie House stood at the other end of the Watergate—as most of the houses of the nobility were situated between the staircase we now refer to and Gowrie House; and as, singularly enough, this stair is built upon ground, which, although in the middle of the town, is not within the burgh lands, some of the local antiquaries do not hesitate to say that it formed part of the Royal Palace in which the Kings of Scotland resided, until they found more secluded, and probably more comfortable lodging in the Blackfriars' Monastery. Leaving the determination of this question to those who have more leisure for solving it, thus far is certain, that the place of rendezvous for the hero of the tale and his companions was one of some consequence in the town, where their bearing was not likely to pass unobserved. The bridge to which they passed through the gate, was a very stately edifice. Major calls it, 'Pontem Sancti Joannis ingentem apud Perth.' The date of its erection is not known, but it was extensively repaired by Robert Bruce, in whose reign it suffered by the repeated sieges to which Perth was subjected, as well as by some of those inundations of the Tay to which it was frequently exposed, and one of which eventually swept it away in 1621."

contracted such a friendship for his generous victor, that he insisted on uniting his fortunes with those of Wallace, with whom he returned to Scotland, and fought by his side in many a bloody battle, where the prowess of Sir Thomas de Longueville was remarked as inferior to that of none, save of his heroic conqueror. His fate also was more fortunate than that of his patron. Being distinguished by the beauty as well as strength of his person, he rendered himself so acceptable to a young lady, heiress of the ancient family of Charteris, that she chose him for her husband, bestowing on him with her hand the fair baronial Castle of Kinfauns, and the domains annexed to it. Their descendants took the name of Charteris, as connecting themselves with their maternal ancestors, the ancient proprietors of the property, though the name of Thomas de Longueville was equally honored amongst them; and the large two-handed sword with which he mowed the ranks of war, was, and is still, preserved among the family muniments. Another account is, that the family name of De Longueville himself was Charteris. The estate afterwards passed to a family of Blairs, and is now the property of Lord Gray.

These Barons of Kinfauns,* from father to son, held, for several generations, the office of Provost of Perth; the vicinity of the castle and town rendering it a very convenient arrangement for mutual support. The Sir Patrick of this history had more than once led out the men of Perth to battles and skirmishes with the restless Highland depredators, and with other enemies, foreign and domestic. True it is, he used sometimes to be weary of the slight and frivolous complaints unnecessarily brought before him, and in which he was requested to interest himself. Hence he had sometimes incurred the charge of being too proud as a nobleman, or too indolent as a man of wealth, and one who was too much addicted to the pleasures of the field, and the exercise of fental hospitality, to bestir himself upon all and every occasion when the Fair Town would have desired his active interference. But notwithstanding that this occasioned some slight murmuring, the citizens, upon any serious cause of alarm, were wont to rally around their Provost, and were warmly supported by him both in council and action.

* It is generally believed that the ancient Barons of Kinfauns are now represented in the male line by a once powerful branch of the name, the Charterises of Amisfield, in Dumfriesshire. The remains of the castle, close to which is their modern residence, attest the former extent of their resources. The name of Sir Thomas Longueville, Bart., of Prostatin, stood on the Nova Scotia list within these twenty years, and he and his family claimed to be the true progeny of the Red Rover.